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THE RAYMOND REVUEBAR 30th anniversary

MY CONFESSION

We all have sexy secrets and erotic fantasies although few of us are fortunate enough to be able to put them into practice. *My Confession* is for those impulsive and audacious readers who have dared to do it for real.

"Oh Karen, Karen. Oh darling!"

Bernard's broad, reverted thighs jerked between mine, his long slim cock probing deep in my pussy. I squirmed under him as his barrel chest rubbed against my hard boobs.

"Oh darling," I whispered in his ear. "I want you so ... do it... I want to feel you come ..."

The night before – straight from our long drive from Manchester – these had been the words that had finally set him spurting. Before that we'd had 20 minutes mutual massage in a shared shower followed by a half hour's energetic fondling on the bed. Bernard stroking my boobs and pussy and me pumping his foreskin before rolling his pink arrow-shaped tip around my tonsils.

At first I'd been pleasantly surprised he hadn't exploded the moment he'd got his hands on my bare flesh – like 90 per cent of every boyfriend I'd had before him. This, I told myself, was what going to bed with my first mature man was all about.

Unfortunately he'd taken time and a little! It wasn't that he hadn't got excited – his cock had been upright and firm from the first moment he'd been naked. It was taking it any further that was the problem.

His first thrust had had me in ecstasies: he had the second and the tenth. But the fiftieth, and the hundredth – at least, that's what it felt like. A girl couldn't wait for ever!

Naughty words had done it then – appropriately since we'd only ever talked about sex endlessly up to this point. I told myself we were both tired from the journey and first times would always be a problem. We'd both be raring to go after a good night's sleep.

Sure enough, just after we'd woken up Bernard had rolled between my legs – one of my favourite ways of starting the day – slipped his cock inside and started humping me almost immediately.

But instead of the swift, sharp, explosive build-up to a lovely come that I'd expected, it had settled into a slow, steady in-and out that sometimes hardly seemed to touch the sides of my pussy. Even last night's naughty words only got me another close up of his pushing thrust and the rasp of thick chest hair against my nipples.

To be frank, screwing my boss wasn't turning out to be the sort of wild, wanton weekend I'd looked forward to, and I had a horrible idea he felt the same.

Drastic measures were needed or Bernard wasn't just going to wear himself out – and he wasn't going to fit my pussy which good, either!

Twisting I reached round his thigh, squeezing a finger between the cheeks of his bottom. A fingertip up the bottom always did wonders for my boyfriend. Bernard grunted and sighed.

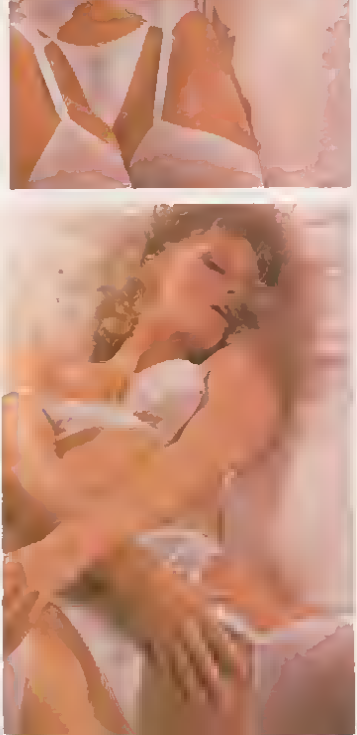
Oh, yes! he gasped. Oh that feels good!

I felt his cock twitch in me but obviously not enough to spurt. Perhaps naughty words would make the difference.

Oh Bernard! I moaned. "Bernard, fuck me ... fuck my cunt, shove it up me ... spunk in me."

And he stopped. Lowering himself up he stared down at me his heavy hands on my tits, eyes in his mouth.

Please, darling, I whispered



[illegible] I [illegible] fill me up with [illegible] spunk."

[illegible] grinned [illegible] k of as his [illegible] turns [illegible] I jumped my Oughe [illegible] le.

"That's [illegible] Karen he told m[illegible] ta an hour later squee[illegible] hand.

It hadn't been, of course, o it he knew it as well as I did. Perhaps after teas ng each other round the office for so long finally getting it on together was bound to be a let-down.

Bernard was 41, fit, active fun loving, married al centre, and 18 years older than me. I d been his secretary for six months, and we d lanced each other from the first moment. When we hadn't been flirting outrageously I d been turning him on with flashes of the French knickers and suspenders and stockings my boyfriend had bought me. One drunken lunchtime I d even taken off the knickers for him.) But the most we d ever done had been a swift grope. *I'd groped his crotch*) and a snatched kiss after the Christmas lunch. The weekend conference in Harrogate had seemed like a godsend.

"I'll be tied up until five," Bernard I ld me "but we can have lunch together."

The waiter who served us the evening before arrived with a cooked breakfast. He was about 2o, slim and dark, very good looking, with incredibly expressive eyes. They glittered at me over my breakfast plate as he smiled.

"I think he fancies you," Bernard said when he d gone.

"Don't be ridiculous" I frowned. Of course I d noticed the waiter's beautifully slim bottom the night before and deliberately concentrated on Bernard. But now he was grinning as if the whole thing was a private joke.

"Are you jealous then?" I asked.

He shrugged. "You re a free agent, Karen."

What did he mean by that? Perhaps his slowness a bed was my fault – I just didn't turn him on enough. Was it a polite goodbye?

Worried I finished breakfast and left Bernard to go into his conference while I explored the grounds of the hotel. Originally I d planned to spend the day shopping until Bernard was free. But the botched night and this morning, had unsettled me. Instead I wandered back to our suite.

As I came into our corridor I heard giggling from the far end. It was a maid, a pretty girl of about 18. She was laughing with the waiter from breakfast.

Evidently being chatted up. When they saw me, she scurried away. In it [illegible] smile.

"[illegible]

I pu[illegible] thigh [illegible] as he [illegible] t.

S[illegible] was still sent. You [illegible] is.

I d[illegible] that didn't stop me hat[illegible] ly thinking about it for a go[illegible] ve minutes. By the end of it my heart was buzzing with that light sh pping sensation you get when you fancy someone a lot, and I was pretty sure he felt the same.

"I must be holding you up," I said.

"No, no." He shook his head. "I'm finished until lunch." He hesitated. "It would be nice to have coffee together to talk more about *Italia*, perhaps?"

His shyness uncertainty persuaded me. "Come in. I can make us a cup. Or is that against the rules?"

He grinned sheepishly. "For such a beautiful girl the risk is unimportant."

I laughed and let us in. But as the door shut I had my first misgivings.

"Look," I said, "please don't be offended, but I don't want you to think that because I invite you in, there's any thought of ."

"No, no, no," he interrupted. "We are just friends. OK?"

"OK." Why did I feel so gloom? We were only about three feet apart. His eyes moved down my dress over my boobs to my legs. My heart flipped. "I'll find the coffee," I said, and turned away.

"Let me," he said. "I know where it is." His hand caught my arm to stop me, and it was like an electric shock sparking through me. I turned back, blinking at him, and saw in his face he d felt it too. On a second we were staring at each other, the next we were kissing.

When we came up for air we were both gasping. My nipples ached, my pussy tingled. I couldn't believe how turned on I was! Suddenly all the feelings I'd saved up for Bernard were finally spilling out – for a complete stranger. It was insane.

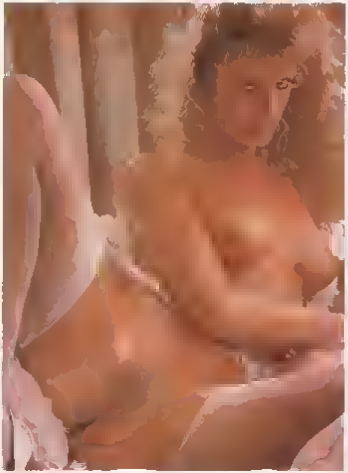
Then his hand reached up and closed over my boob.

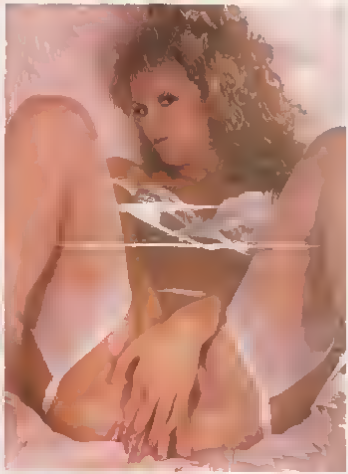
"I want you," he said thickly.

"Not here," I whispered. "On the bed."

He carried me through into the bedroom, lying me on the freshly made top sheet. In a kind of dream I watched him unbutton my blouse and unzip my skirt. All I was aware of was the thump of my heart, the throbbing of my clit. I didn't dare let myself think what I was doing.

Then I sat to sit up to help unclip my bra. As he reached behind me, I pulled off his waiter's tunic and unbuttoned his shirt, then pulled down his trousers.





His cock was already [illegible] I smoothed down his [illegible] I breathed in as it bounced up [illegible] long as Bernard's but much thicker. It throbbed against my fingers as I touched it.

"Let me lick it." I breathed and, without letting him reply, bent forward and sank my lips over the tip.

He groaned and bucked, twitching in my mouth, but his hand found my boob and tweaked my stiff nipple.

Then, with a gasp, he pulled back. "No," he said. "I don't want to flinch in your mouth. I'll back."

Panting, I did. Eyes bright, face flushed, he knelt over me, his hand sliding down between my legs. I gasped as his fingers sifted my pubic hair, eased into the hot swollen lips of my pussy, then gently, softly, began to massage my clit.

After a couple of minutes I suddenly lost control my panting. My hips bucked and heaved. Eyes closed, I moaned as his fingertip grazed and pumped my pussy, hole making soft, wet, pumping sounds. My heart thundered. My hand fumbled for his cock.

"Please," I cried. "Put it in."

I don't know what made me open my eyes. Perhaps a [illegible] sound, or the door creaking. [illegible] know was that I was suddenly looking past my waiter's shoulder at the doorway. [illegible] standing there, terrified, [illegible] red faced and [illegible]. I don't know why I did that, but it was like a [illegible] my body was suddenly glowing [illegible] shock and embarrassment [illegible] shame.

But my waiter was already spreading my legs [illegible] between them. Why did Bernard do anything? Why [illegible] he speak.

Then my gaze fell and I realised why. The lump [illegible] was enormous. He had [illegible] across to cover it. The look [illegible] face wasn't horror or disgust, he was turned on.

And suddenly it all in a weird kind of sense. The fact that its sting seemed to turn him on much more than actually screwing the cute girl at the waiter at breakfast. He didn't like doing it at all, he preferred to watch. For a second I [illegible] met His hand groped down to stroke his crotch. Then I began to move a slow, hesitant rubbing of [illegible] and I knew there wasn't [illegible] doubt at all.

The weight of a body [illegible] and me. His hand [illegible] my pussy. I reached down my [illegible] his shaft, pressing, [illegible] my pussy.

"Here," I said. "Let me [illegible] you've got that gorgeous cock [illegible] me." We both gasped as the broad head entered my hole, then pushed in hard and urgent and youthful, stretching and filling me. It rubbing with the barely suppressed urge to spurt and gush and flood me, with its juices.

This is what I'd missed with Bernard: the sense of danger, of being overwhelmed, of being *bad* almost, regardless of what I felt.

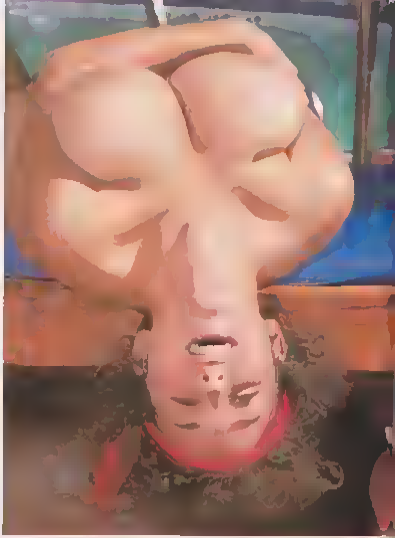
As he plugged me fully, his [illegible] thickly haired balls squashing against my cheeks, I lifted my legs around his back.

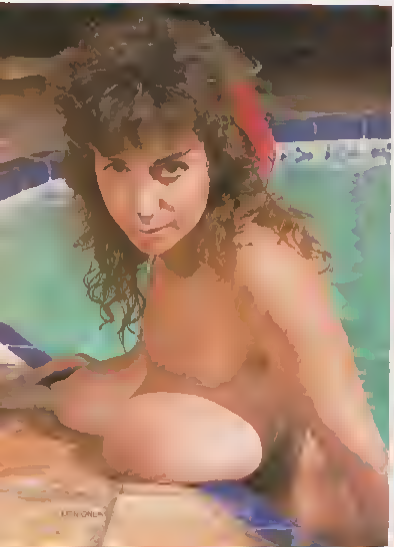
"Now, fuck me," I cried. "Fuck me until I can't come any more."

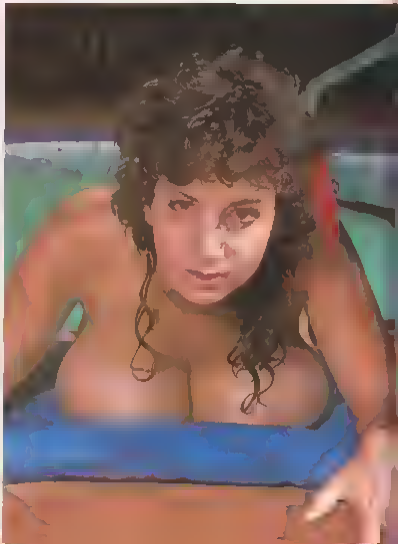
And he did, driving me to a superb climax only seconds before his own. As my final spasms still rippled through me, I glimpsed Bernard, his face bright-eyed and burning, both hands clenched over his crotch, shuddering himself with the fierceness of his own climax. Then, heavy-hided, he sank against the doorpost.

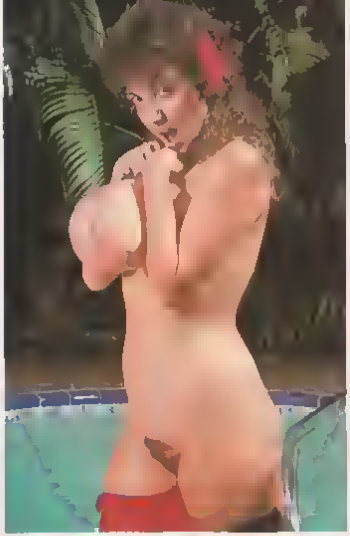
I caught Bernard's embarrassed half smile over the waiter's slumped back, and gave him my own before he slipped back into the living room.

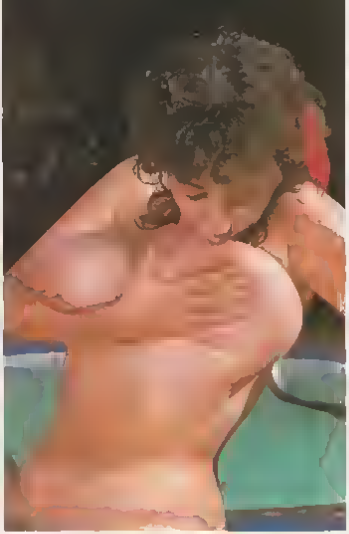
It wasn't quite the weekend I'd planned. But I had a feeling it was going to be a lot better than I'd ever dreamed. ☐

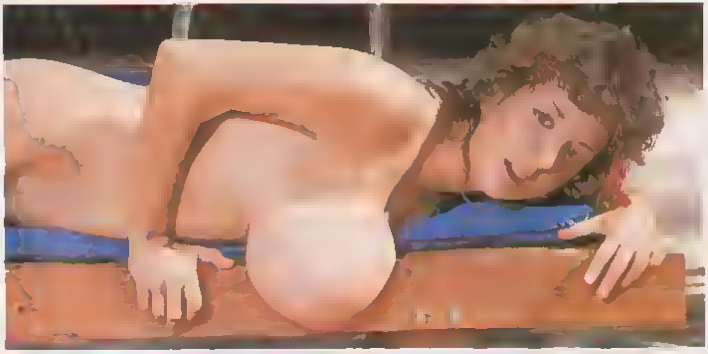








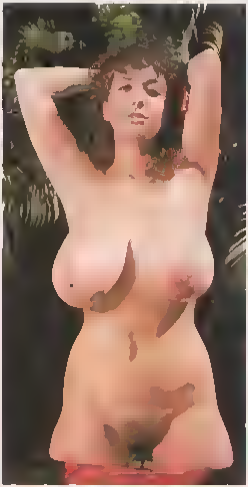


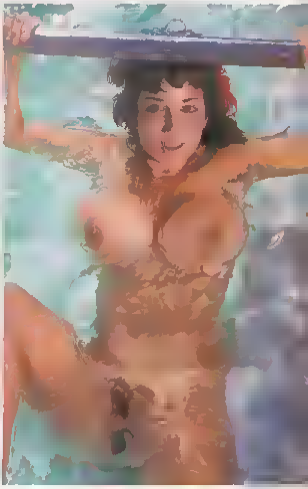


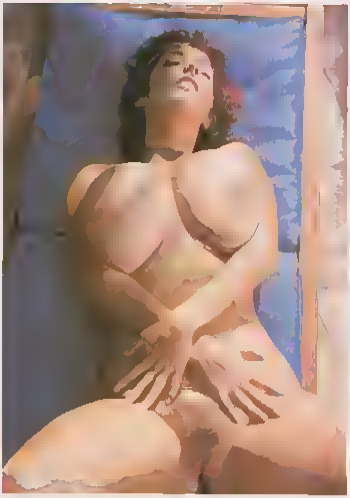
DEVON

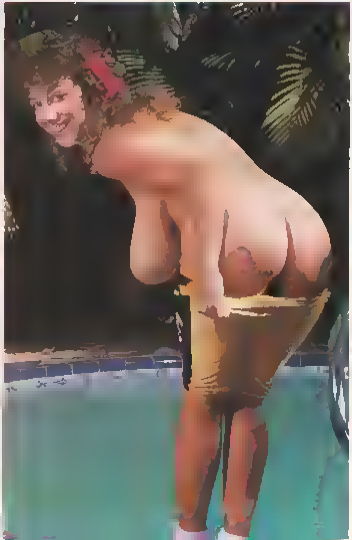
back by globular demand

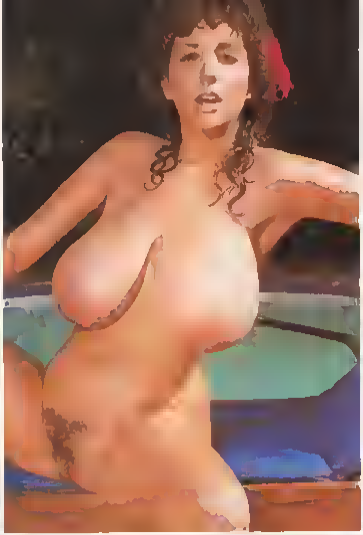
Back by popular demand come two 42-inch (custom made cup) prime Derbyshire boobs, dragging Devan along behind them in their insatiable demand for exposure, publicity and fame! A lot of ridiculous people condemn models for showing their tits. But anyone who has any knowledge of these matters realises that models cannot help themselves! It's the tits that deblouse themselves at the mere sight of a camera, spring out into the faces of film directors and leap into the hands of men's magazine editors. Tits cannot get enough exposure. To call them vain would be an understatement, to call them veined would be insulting. So we'll shut up and let them take over the world. To be honest, the world has always been ruled by tits, so what difference would a few more make? [illegible]

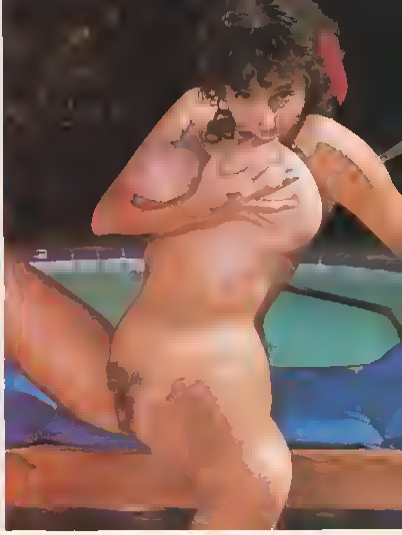


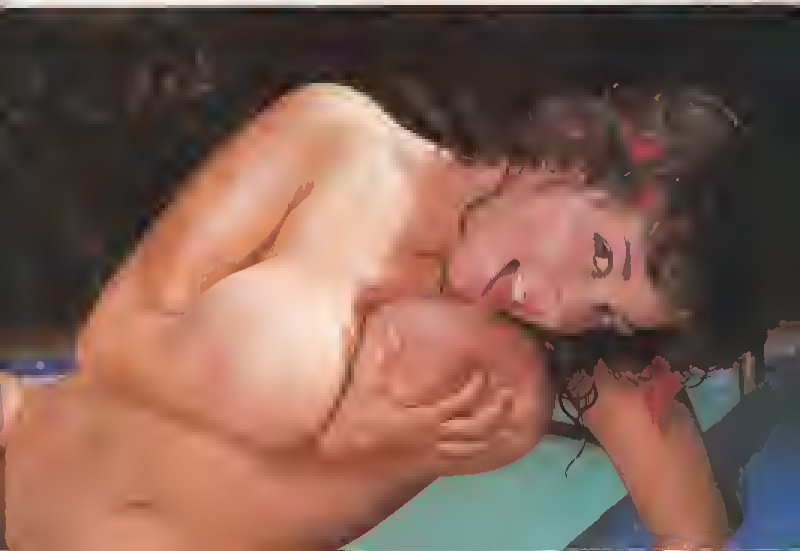












BLAH!

continued fro page 4

th ust Or l ft the lady on to you and by a sing and owering her save you the bother

It you can f even be bothered to fuck, it w t sat-sfy her tsalf It s a truly wonderful a d called a butler

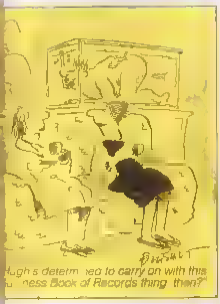
Get one today

H L Press Off car
The Federation of Butlers and Fetlers

Cleaning Fields

Sir My name s John and on my ow n a flat m Cr cklewood I am 24 an I w b r m w king out after a d day s gratt n the C ty ra e had a woman clea g my ar da y for many year and her name s Dolothy S e s an outgo ng tady w dowed and n her late 50s

Quite often I am at home



Hugh s determ ned to carry on with this ness Book of Records thing then?"

when she comes to clean doing homework for financial projects Sha often saw me work n my tra n ng gear (shorts a d sweat vest) and I didn t th anyth ng of it But after a wh e had a da k b overwhelm g des re to tease her with my body knew she sometimes peered t roug doors while was getting undressed and she ofte me in just my bath t we

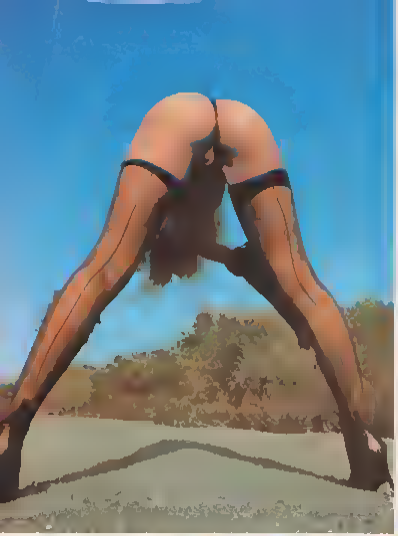
I found more and mo e wanted to perform a p strip for her and every t she came round my co would go as stiff as a bo and I would have to wank myself n another room

Many times I fantas sed that I would strip off for her on the kitchen table She could then suck my cock all day and all

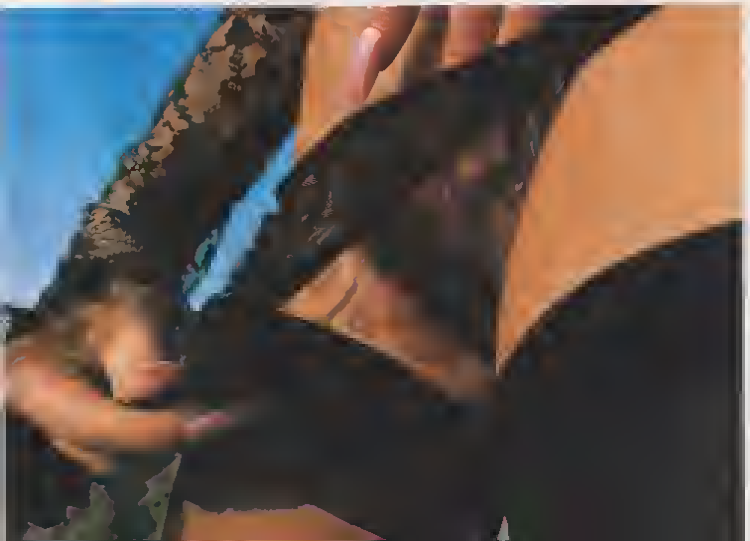
continued on page 13

GOTCHA!

d female parts are the t test weapon in the Co nment s fight to ab motorists to the presence on our roads of naked female parts!



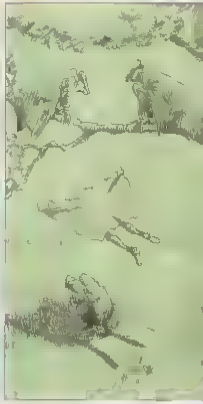
They've tried everything at the Ministry of Transport – even having that Michael Parkinson as Minister (although he was a complete road-block when he did those chat shows, so I don't see how he's going to speed the mails). One thing they've jacked in is using those plastic cones to block off carriageways. Most drivers ignored them and the rest thought they were aliens. So now they're using naked female bottoms. Works a treat, drivers lose all control and crash thus reducing traffic congestion. Nice one, Parky!



They test robot farts (by remote control) and the test evaluates the length of time taken to the the aforementioned gulf to leave the car. Too short and it doesn't allow the farter long enough to enjoy the fruits of his own labour. Too long and your farter, usually the driver, could pass out with the evil stench of the thing.

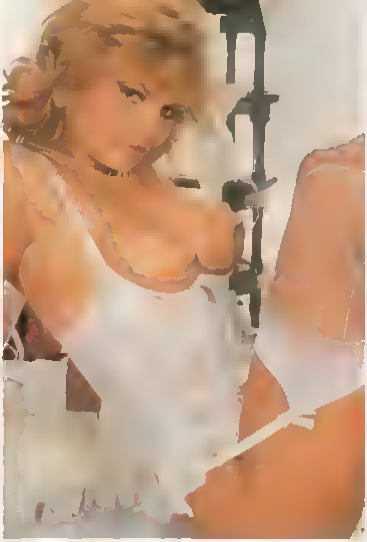
This is what is known in the trade as emissions control. Anal maisonne inside the car must be neutralised in a gaiol where they are not allowed out into the atmosphere, where they might drift up to the ozone layer and cause inestimable amounts of damage. The Yanks have known this for years, which is why they were first to bring in emissions control. Not because their cars are not particularly fart-proof but because, as we all know, Americans fart more than Europeans. Something to do with refried beans. But that's another story.

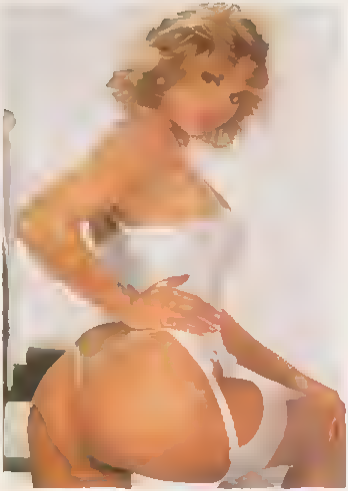
Me, I happen to think that all cars should follow the exquisite curves of the female genitalia. In the words of a famous copper: "I think it's a major contribution to road safety." Think about it... When was the last time you were driving in the fog, wishing you could see the next in front?

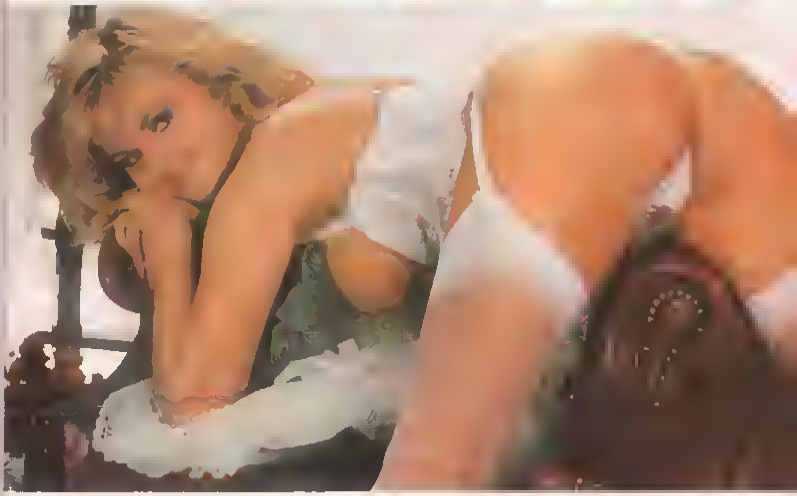


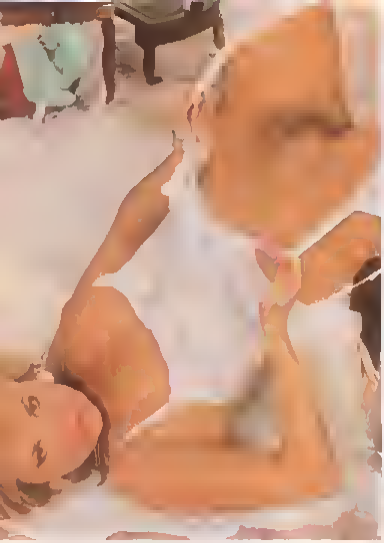
photographs by jack harrison

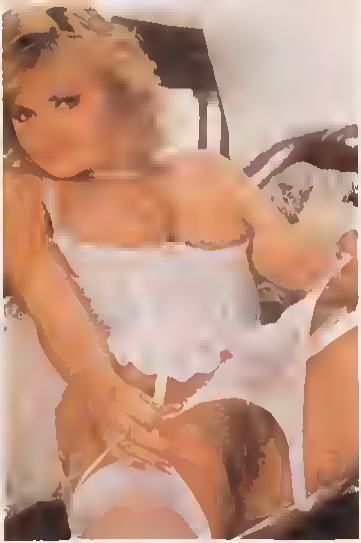
HELEN



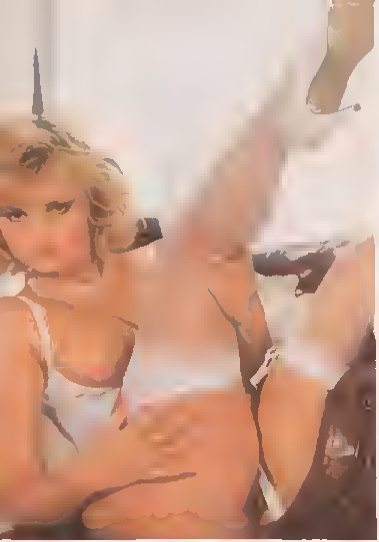








Newshound Helen turned up at the studio as part of an in-depth exposé of the wicked world of nude modelling. You know: this vile trade (and all that). But she forgot to make an excuse and leave. "I enjoyed it too much!" Helen told us. She wrote her article saying so. The feature was never used. So she did an exposé on herself.



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IT'S WHAMMY, IT'S WOW, IT'S MEGA HUGE, IT'S ON SALE NOW

JAN

PHOTOGRAPHS BY [illegible] DAINES

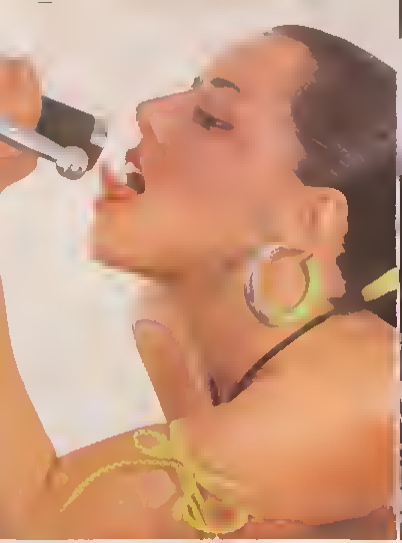
I [illegible] thought it was safe to go back in the water, along entire this girl Jan ([illegible]) and pulls your bitter [illegible] Daughter of a psychiatrist (which probably accounts for it). Jan was brought up in T. Ireland where she spent most of her [illegible] for [illegible] until puberty, when she

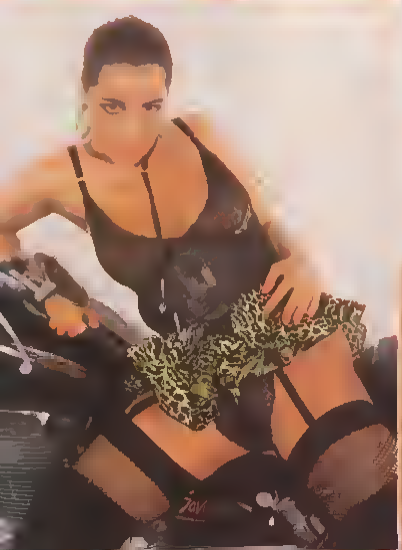
started going down after [illegible] things (swipe, swipe, [illegible]). Result is, she can swim underwater like a fish with tie.

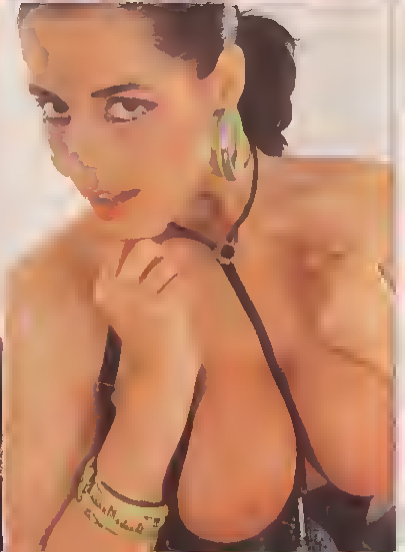
Polling man's bathers down is her main interest. "I always hope they'll catch me and pull mine down!"

Just admire polling man's bathers down is not much of a career. She is studying to become a brain surgeon, [illegible]

joanne







oker Joanna likes to make love to men in Batman costumes "I dress them up, then I strip off and give them raunchy poses until they're good and excited. Then I say – 'take me, take me'! It's so funny! First they've got

to get their underpants off from over their tights. And then they can't get their tights off on account of the Super Glue I apply to the gusset. It really makes me roar! And then when they do struggle free, they are too baffled to manage anything! (38-22 36)

schlong come out to play.

These type of women have the page with Proper Behaviour ripped out of their dictionaries. Another ladyfriend of mine, a cute little student called Claire, had a novel way of expressing her displeasure at any aspect of our relationship. Her solution was to go and do a spot of streetwalking until I had agreed to be more circumspect towards her. Usually I agreed to the pretty swiftly, but not before she'd rattled up enough cash to get herself well stewed on Polish vodka. She would then return to me, all forgiveness and expecting a good halpenny (five times a night) out of me, and woe betide me if I failed her! Hell hath no fury like a woman neabated. Especially women like that.

It is codes and convention that binds this great nation together. Intercourse in the streets may be *de rigueur* in Europe, but never in the highways and byways of Albion will we witness rampant displays of sexuality. It's women like the pair I have described who are undermining the fabric of our society as we know it. They do not understand The British Way. So remember, next time you feel a soft hand groping in your underwear, for God's sake, act British. *Howard Lake*

Oh for the time when Britain will again be a skint declining shithesp, properly proud of a caring social policy. I can't afford. Then we'll know exactly which way the markets going down, to the bears!

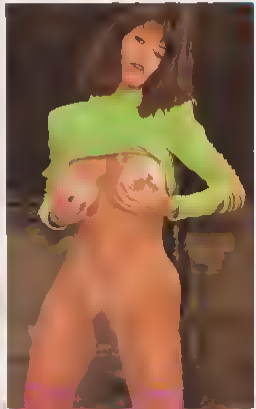
Shares in companies that make beds, fishing tackle or supply secretaries who can say Mr. Smith's on a fact finding tour of Thailand convincingly, showed marked rises on prevailing sentiment. As did Neil Kinnock PLC. Despite his declared policy the market is confident that a Labour Government would put taxes up just high enough that it's not worth working.

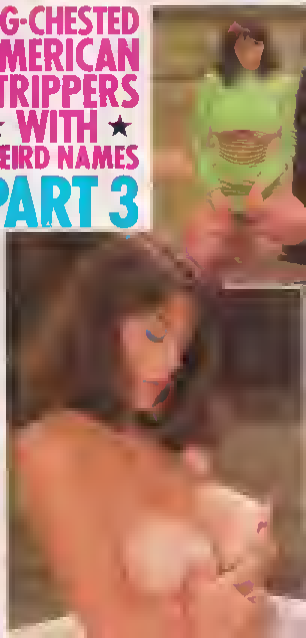
City support for the European Exchange Rate Mechanism reflects the mood

JOLENE JUGGS

Jolene Juggs, eh? Now there's a name to conjure with. And in, fact, there's a tremendous pair of all-American tits to juggle with while you're conjuring. 28-year-old Jolene doesn't just have nice big tits; she has big, firm, taut, ripe tits of exactly the shape, size and texture that drive strong men nuts with lust, according to our American office. Oh yes, and she's 38-21-34.

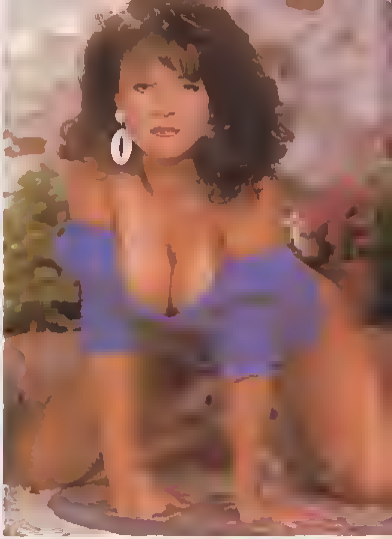
BIG-CHESTED AMERICAN STRIPPERS ★ WITH ★ WEIRD NAMES PART 3

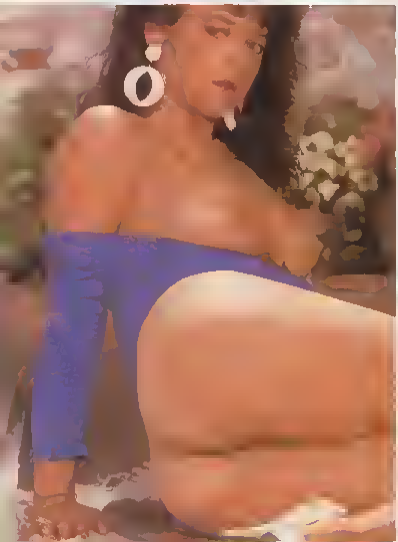




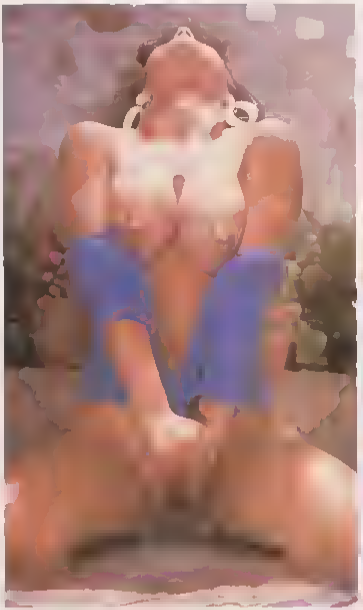
PHOTOGRAPHS BY

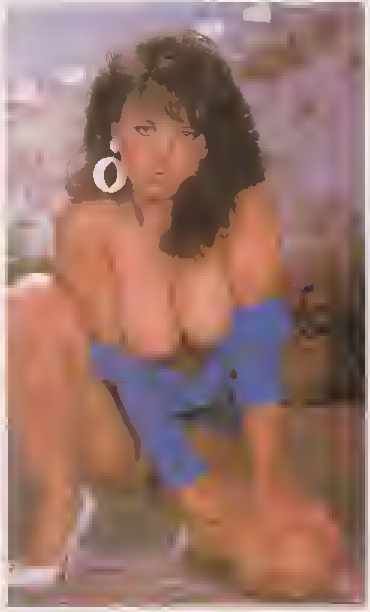
RUPERT GAINES





At the time of writing Kae is in bed with her boyfriend. I know this because I just rang her up to ask her bust size and a male voice panted: "You mean you've destroyed the romantic embiance of the year for that?" (No, these were not his actual words, but you get the drift.) Then Kae came on the line saying: "Stop it, you rotten fellow. How can I hold a reasonable conversation with the nice man from

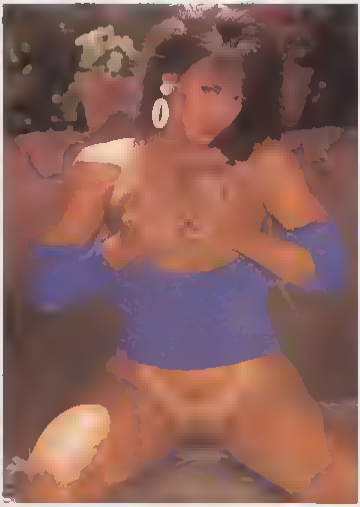


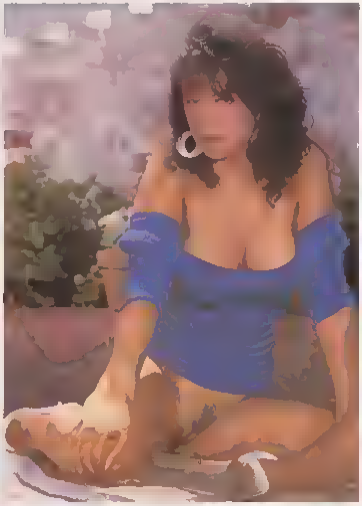


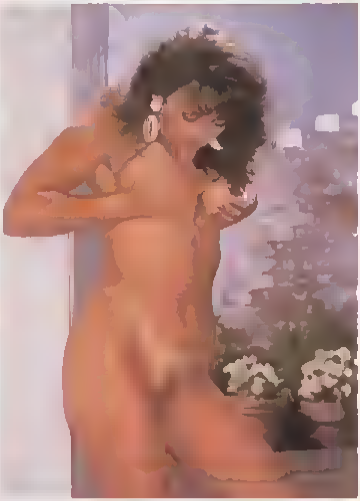
Men Only when you're doing that? (Or words to that effect.) And he said "The nice man from *Men Only* can go and do impossible gymnastic exercises I'm not stopping now."

And she spent some time trying to get her breath back before telling me she was 36D-22-36 and losing breath again.

Then he interpolated "36D. I really find that *most* hard to credit." (Or something like that.) He then yelled "Intromission." And there was a crash as of a Ming vase breaking over a thick skull. And he said "Intromission" again (or the equivalent). And she said she really was 36D and had no boyfriend at the moment. And I said "Hang on, and I'll be straight over."







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MEN ONLY

VOLUME 55 NUMBER 2

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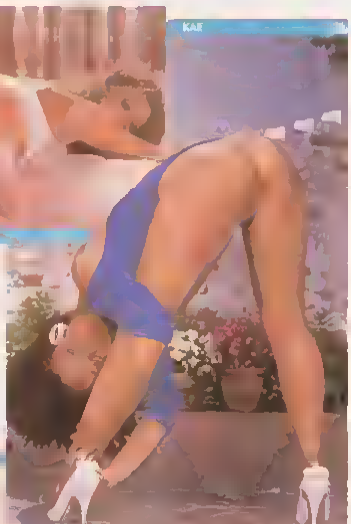


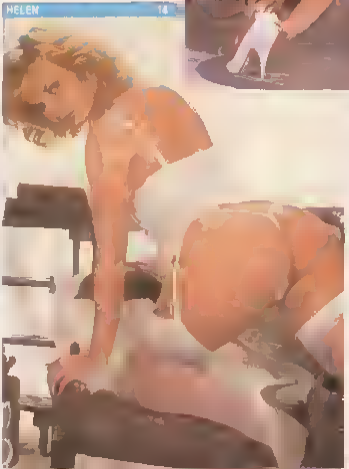
I've just been the victim of an obscene telephone call From a women, of course You can always tell what's coming when they put on that ridiculous breathy voice as used by air hostesses trying to sell you gold watches and telephone sex-yappers trying to make you hang on for as many minutes (at 35p a minute peak time) as they can, considering all you're going to get is a warning that what you're going to get might offend you if you ever hung on that long

This breathy voice is supposed to give an impression of immense sex appeal Although all it ever suggests to me is that the women in question has just swallowed a wasp, has just finished a particularly vicious chicken dhansak or is having a stroke

What it really means is that the women is about to rip you off -- we know that don't we?

So on she comes with the breathy voice saying how much she wants to model for the magazine

"I'm 18 (wheeze), 38- (wheeze) 22-34 (pant,



BLAH! BLAH! BLAH! BLAH! BLAH! BLAH! BLAH! BLAH! BLAH!

As no one ever believes anything they read in the letters column, why not let your hair down and tell us the truth?

All Change Please

Sir As the manager of a fashionable clothes shop I have been able to place a two-way mirror in the ladies' changing room so I can see the girls undressing whenever I like. But it's not sexy! The women undress as if they were changing in a bathroom cleaning cupboard. Is anyone on What's Up Doctor, time to move on?

H K
London W1

[illegible] saying [illegible] of security you [illegible] caught by the management staff. Then you'll [illegible] bum and it wobbling [illegible] after with a bit of this and that thrown in. Women don't strip sexy for themselves [illegible] Ed

Be a Great Lover

Sir I have a reputation of being a great lover and it is true that despite my average penis and single testicle I bring women to shattering orgasm time after time. The secret is quite simple and I am delighted to pass it on to fellow Men On Fire readers. Here's all you have to do.

Find a Bulgarian wood ant (they are half an inch long, red end are found in wood piles near Sofia).

Train it to tap-dance.

Keep it in your foreskin feeding it on worms and caterpillars which can easily be kept in your underpants if you're not too ticklish.

Now, as soon as you enter a woman, the ant will jump off and tap-dance on her clitoris until she is forced to come, surfing out on a wave of juices.

A word of warning. Do not use the Bulgarian tree ant (which looks very similar to the wood ant). They can only manage a sotto voce shuffle. And bees demonstrate fare from a tree ant and you've a dead man.

A C
Bulgaria

Thank you, we'll bear that in mind. Ed

Sex Aid

Sir I have discovered the ultimate in sex aids. Forget your knobbly condoms, your clitoral stimulators and your vibrators. This does everything a man needs.

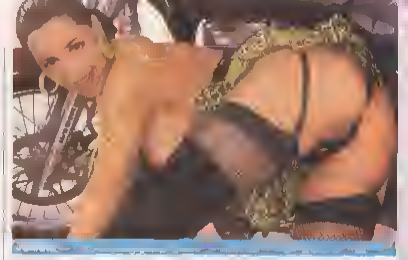
It will approach beautiful women in the street for you, seduce them, bring them home and give them a bath.

Then it will undress them slowly and sensually and deliver them to your bed naked and melting with desire.

At this time you can take over if you wish. Otherwise it will do the foreplay for you, place a condom on your penis and insert it into the correct orifice. It will then help you

continued on page 7

"Hey Nurse Piggott... have you ever seen tongue cramp?"



wheeze, pant).'

"Jolly good. Well, what you need to do is ...'

"... and I really love to take all my clothes off and model *absolutely* naked leaving nothing *(wheeze, pant)* to the imagi-ney-shun!"

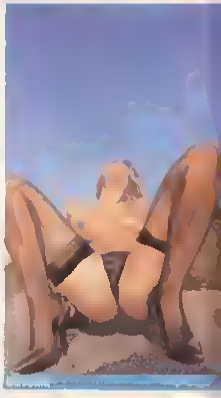
"Well, that's absolutely super, you sound like a super young girl. What you have to do is ...'

"And I like to go all the way. I'm not a prick teaser, you understand. When I start something...and when I take all my clothes off I know I start something, I like to finish it."

"Yes, dear, wonderful. Well, what you have to do is ...'

"I really like to enter into the spirit of the thing. To model really sexily I need to be screwed by three men while I'm being photographed – that really brings out the best in me."

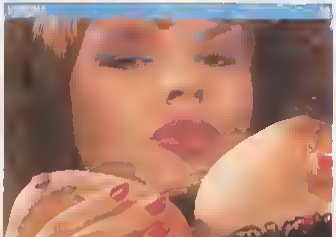
(Hello, whatever turns you on, but how are we supposed to get photographs while you're at it with three men? I mean, whichever way you look at it there has to be a hairy arse in the picture somewhere)

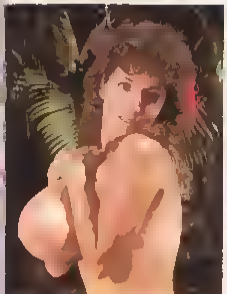


"Yes, well, what you have to do is ...'

"I'm a very good model, I believe that a girl should do exactly what she's told, don't you ...?'

(Hang on, she'll be asking me what colour my Y-fronts





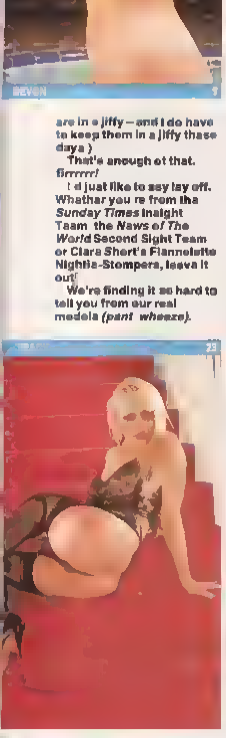
DEVON

are in a jiffy – and I do have to keep them in a jiffy these days.)

That's enough of that. Brrrrrr!

I'd just like to say lay off. Whether you're from the *Sunday Times* Insight Team, the *News of The World* Second Sight Team or Clara Short's Flannelette Nightie-Stompers, leave it out!

We're finding it so hard to tell you from our real models *(pant, wheeze).*



THE · DOOR · THING

PLYING THE FIGSHIT

Common European Etiquette? Ye Gods! Are we to look at a woman's breasts as we speak to her rather than over her left ear?

"England has saved herself by her exertions, and will, as I trust, save Europe by her example."
William Pitt, Earl of Chatham

[illegible] seen communists crush his power, women [illegible] his trade, [illegible] Labour Party a [illegible] Minister's knickers and [illegible] pursuit of shakily stuff called [illegible] should that you can't tell [illegible] crease. So I suppose it's [illegible] you'd my yet said a [illegible] Gentleman, although [illegible] really I'm keeping the [illegible] up to fend off the [illegible] tying [illegible]

Nevertheless this rant about becoming good Europeans is all the rage, even amongst the gentle classes. I've had a lot of letters asking me for guidance on Euro etiquette. How they want to know, should the perfect Eurogent behave. (Well, he wouldn't use vulgar abbreviations like Eurogent for a start, [illegible] sell.)

YOUR LATIN GENTRY I'd doubt such [illegible] Confronting [illegible] Continental [illegible] currently used [illegible] some shifty eyed [illegible] looking his way into the moment's [illegible] gusset, you supposed the better to pail his hands on the family jewels.

Say the words 'European gentleman' and what does I conjure up? Don Juan, the Marquis de Sade, Von Ribbentrop, Casanova, Professor Moriarty, Doctor Frankenstein – a more sinister bunch of warts and bitsers you couldn't find in Parliament.

Anyone who seriously imagines there could be such a thing as a foreign gentleman should go back to basic definitions. Just as a lady is a woman who does not rub her lips of her cunt together while walking, the gentleman:

Doesn't move his lips while talking.

Stands his ground after farting.

Looks no man's arse but his own.

Eats no mucked up tuck or food.

Passes where he rests is not afraid of any bugger.

And is *not* some [illegible] sausage eating, beer swilling, garlic breathed, flattering, made up, bottom pinching, balcony skimming, jumped up, gabbling, nimby, a greasy-haired, pinky waist foreign freckle puncher. *Hrumph!*

The observant may see some small discrepancy between these definitions and the conquest of the European Gentleman.

GENTRIFICATION: I have to admit that the average gentleman may at times, in his [illegible] such as [illegible] possible. Thus, a lot of our [illegible] those who trace their descent from the counter jumpers who are over recently with Wilson. The Co-op, for they argue that in a mere 50 years they have developed manners and customs that make them indistinguishable from an English gentleman. Not without some justice, although I have to say with deference to my friend the Duke of Cambridge that they *can* be distinguished by those like myself who owed our land from the time of King Alfred, they have a French-fed smug about them, a Latin mode of dealing, a nuance that lightens the day and a habit of saying nothing and a felt among weed, which never always indicates a [illegible] the *De Frog* somewhere in the family tree.

Besides, I'd rather [illegible] noble *mess*eurs [illegible] 1000 years among not gentlemen. Foreign, not. I see nothing to aire to have seat gent Europe other than an immediate five-point plan of the continent, conquer a one thousand year squ rearchy with an English gentleman in every chateau and schloss.

And this is not an empty dream, for I can now reveal that the little woman in Downing Street, vulgar tradesman's daughter though she may be, is not my friend on this. Expeul Operation Lord de Lore to start at any moment with a lightning strike on Bruges! (And they say she's mad!)

TECHNIQUETTE: Let us just suppose that Italy and we are to confront once again a race of European gentlemen. What sort of advice would this wreak on arrogante? Fin, make no mistake, the single marker means an integration of etiquette. A mixture of French standards with our own. You may stop shuddering at the thought. It is a bitter naked truth. For etiquette exists to allow the ruling class to do exactly as they like while keeping the peasants in their place. The manners of foreign gentlemen must be accommodated.

It will mean a mixture of the British stiff upper lip and German self discipline with the Gallic talent for panic. The Italian desire to retreat with the German need to advance in a direction. The Scandinavian eagerness to believe anything they're told with the English and Greek habit of never saying what they mean. *En Garde, champions! Ne!*

JOHN ECU: Take Quasimodo, for example. The Northern European man does not but the Latin stiff, even in clude [illegible]

MEN ONLY

MEN ONLY

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TRACY: BRITAIN'S NUDEST POSTLADY

EUROGENT: SURVIVING THE EUROPRATS

FANNY GET YOUR NUN: ALPINE YODELLING HORROR

BLAH!

continued from page 13

going to offend her, but she seemed more than willing to let me continue. I knelt on all four for her on the table, with my bum a mere few inches from her face. I asked her to undo the Gistring and she did willingly and slowly. It dropped off on to the table, allowing my tight bollocks to dangle for her delight. I wiggled my arse in her and turned over.

I spread my legs as I finally showed her my member, balls and anus in all their natural glory. She was mesmerised and couldn't take her eyes off my cock as it stood to attention just in front of her face. I told

Canadian cobble, Eddie Warners, was the toast of Calgary, Alberta. In 48 years he had never had an accident. In honour of this remarkable achievement, the Mayor arranged a celebration party at the Town Hall. But at the last moment it was cancelled when somebody discovered Eddie had never held a driving licence.

her that didn't [illegible] tease, but that I [illegible] to please. I gently [illegible] hand and guided her [illegible] throbbing shaft. To [illegible] surprise she instantly [illegible] to rub it up and down [illegible] softly. I put my hands [illegible] her head, straddled my [illegible] across her shoulders [illegible] pulled her mouth gently [illegible] the tip of my helmet.

Kiss it softly. I could [illegible] felt her thin lips touching [illegible] cum slit. It was already [illegible]

This is so nice, she breathed, hard and excited kissing it now without any encouragement. Gently, with each kiss I pulled her head further down, and then ecstasy, my cock slid between her lips and along her tongue to be nestled and sucked in rightful home. She was so good, sucking and licking with a desire that finally made me burst finally in an avalanche of sperm. She could feel it as well, and just before I shot my wide, she opened her mouth wide and just licked the underneath of the shaft gently to let me watch the ocean of cream spurt lovingly into her mouth. She swallowed the lot but left the last drops to nestle on her tongue. She then smiled, pulled my mouth to hers and together we French kissed my spunk down, while she continued to wank me again.

continued on page 30

Tracy The Postie

TOGRAPH BY
MILNE

T[illegible] Office [illegible] to think of an institution held in lower public esteem, unless it be *The Guardian*. And it may be true that [illegible] per cent of first class letters do not arrive next morning, but turn up a week on Tuesday, ripped and battered. It may be that most second class letters never arrive at all (particularly those with cheques in them) and, those that do, turn up in Outer Mongolia. It may be, as the [illegible] claim, that the best way to crack up a [illegible] and [illegible] is to post it to yourself, and let the Parcels Office do it for you. But these people have no idea of the

postal workers
o ontend with
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YOURS SINFULLY

[illegible] to The Editor

CAROL'S SERVICE

I was never really that interested in sex until I moved into Carol's flat. She's the same age as me (24) and works as a nurse at a private hospital.

She's completely mad, is Carol, and at first I was really shocked by the number of men friends she had. There was night she accidentally double-dated and found herself with two men both of whom refused to leave without a fuss.

Out of sheer desperation she knocked on my bedroom door. It was to have been well after midnight – and asked if I could help her out.

The guy causing all the hassle was a big, ugly bastard, and when he caught sight of me standing there blinking and rubbing my eyes in the doorway in just my little black nightie there was no way he was going to bugger off without a hard-job at the very least.

I gave Carol a really filthy look and begrudgingly showed the guy into my room.

It was the first time I'd ever fucked a gay, cold, in all my life and like I say, it was all down to my flatmate's stupidity. The guy's name was Norman (can you believe it?) and he sat on my bed and swigged from a hipflask, staring at me with glazed eyes while I sat at the dressing table brushing my hair and trying to make myself look decent. No decent, isn't the word I'm looking for, is it?

"What can I do for you, then?" I asked, feeling like a tart in a knocking shop. I brief had not to grimace when I turned to face him and discovered he had got his prick out.

I was to fuck your arse!" stating, he said staring right through my organza nightie. Then he continued, "After you've sucked me off, that is."

What a mess class of man Carol was involved with! But for the fact her boyfriend would probably have enjoyed the spectacle, I could happily have stormed into her bedroom and given her a damned good spanking.

I resolved to get rid of my late night visitor as quick as possible. I lowered my shoulder straps down over my breasts, not in the slightest bit turned-on that Carol's reject was tossing himself off. Not even flattered.

"That's a good idea," I said, parting my legs as I sat facing him on the dressing table stool. "Why don't you toss yourself off over me as fast as you possibly can and go home?"

"You're not getting off that bloody lightly," he said, with a smirk on his face. "Get your arse over here."

Having dashed the feet that my surprise visitor was hung appreciably larger than average, I grabbed a tube of KY Jelly from the top drawer of the dresser and joined him on the bed, resigned to my fate.

And I was rather relieved when joining him on the bed – stroking his prick while he started kissing me and feeling my tits, I felt the first trickle of love-juice.

Naughty old Norman! You know what he wanted me to do? Not just to spread yahky stinky KY Jelly all over his big, hot cucumber of a cock – but to suck it after I'd slashed it out.

"You are disgusting perverts!" I said, going down on his big, ugly thing, but all the time getting

wetter and wetter between the legs.

"You don't hate it at all, you sneaky little cow!" he crowed, spreading my cunt with his fingertips and finding me wet as ripe peach. "You're loving it, even I can? You're creaming like a good'un, you little tart!"

"You sod!" I laughed, looking

his balls and yanking back his foreskin as hard as I could manage. "Why don't you just shag me as quickly as possible and get out of my life?"

He had a crack the size of a plum and I shivered with pleasure as he placed it just inside my mouth, smearing KY Jelly straight from the tube all over his pee-slit and my lips.

"I'll shag you, all right!" he said, grabbing my wrist to stop me wanking him too hard and thereby spilling his fun. "Get on your hands and knees and stick your arse in the air, you randy little cow!"

Now I was *really* into it! I fell just like a blue film slag, squatting there with my knees spread and bum in the pillows. Now desperately I hoped my surprise visitor would live up to his promise of being a really dirty

stuck up you from behind."

The girl was incorrigible! Not the slightest bit apprecia[illegible] I'd get her out of a tight spot by agreeing to fuck one of her boyfriends. Carol now saw fit to barge into my bedroom and get her kinks watching me getting screwed senseless. I'd really have to pay her back somehow.

"Well, at least my Blake's is bigger than yours!" I teased as he and Carol stood beside me. Carol now tugging herself as she wanked him (ella all over me).

"I've got a better idea, though. Why don't we dull up in black stockings and go and have ourselves a kinky scene in the bathroom?"

If you can't beat these sex [illegible] and [illegible] Now I'd

There was something about this guy which really brought out the slut in me.

turned on and I just ... [illegible] sort of myself in front of everyone, I disengaged from Norman's rampant cock, slipped into black stockings, suspender belt and black silk panties, went through to the bathroom and ran a hot bubble bath.

I flopped in the warm suds and spread my stockinged thighs while the others sat round and gawked, lustfully. I pulled my panties to one side and finger-fucked my still-slippery cunt. You know I'd never tell so rendy in all my life!

Norman squeezed into the bath between my legs while Carol s[illegible] gay sat on the edge. Carol somehow managed to position herself between them, took a hard cock in her left hand, another in her right, and proceeded to masturbate both our boyfriends over my KY lubricated, held-open pussy.

"Oooh, look at that, they're coming at the same time!" crowed Carol, gleefully and sure enough two thick spurts of sperm splashed over my belly, while another caught me full in the fanny.

Very naughtily Carol reached out and massaged her boyfriend's sperm into my spun sex, pouring real meaning with perverted pleasure at catching me on the hop with her suddenly revealed bisexuality.

"Now tell me you're not enjoying it!" she leered, stirring two fur wet at three!) fingers around, knuckle-deep.

"Who needs weakers like this when we've got each other?" I said, calling her bluff and stroking my clit while she finger-fucked me.

Carol and I have had several rather interesting sexual adventures since, although we've made a point of still having separate bedrooms.

Let me close by saying it's kind of reassuring, having Carol's services in reserve.

Ben, Manchester

COMMON TART

My built-and-Douglas shockingly hates the idea of me hostessing in a gentleman's club. It seems nothing will [illegible] nice him. I'm just sneaking off with them at every opportunity, sucking their cocks in car parks for £50 notes, stopping at stag parties and organising blind film orgies for Arabs. He's got a very fertile imagination, has Douglas, and sometimes I just can't resist winding him up.

Last Friday night, for example, I didn't get home till five and sure enough, Doggie was sitting up waiting for me. I'd been far

Dropping to his knees, he buried his face in my wet panty-crotch

drinks at the Chocolate Box with some other girls from the club but I didn't let on. I flopped on the sofa with my legs apart, flashing my black stockings-tops and saucy black silk panties.

"That dirty Arab," he wouldn't stop licking it," I said, pushing the skimpy silk gusset into my fanny and causing a damp patch. "Just *look* at the state of her!"

Douglas called me an effing bitch and pulled open his dressing gown to expose his thumping erection.

"I don't know whether to spank you or fork you," he sneered.

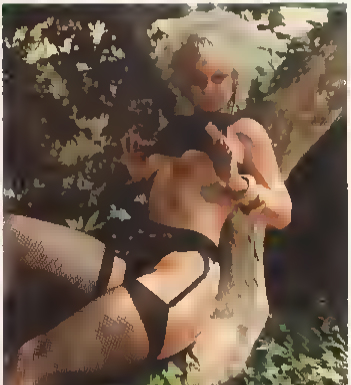
"I don't give a monkey's either way," I said sarcastically. "I've had so much cock tonight, I'm past caring."

Just as I hoped he would, Doggie lost his cool and jumped on me literally ripping my soft little panter-luring panties off and crudely bashing the head of his spare-rib cock into my dyed blonde pubes.

"God, I bloody hate you at times," said Douglas, tearing my blouse open and yanking my boobs unceremoniously out of my bra cups. I laughed and calle. him all kinds of dirty words, wrapping my legs round his waist and surrendering myself to his pent up frustration. He's a brilliant fuck, is Douglas.

Then just as Douglas and I were talking about having a fun together and getting serious trouble, I suddenly I'd led one of my club punters on a bit too long, and the poor guy was reaching the end of his tether. I'd been coming him out, rounding up massive bar bills night after night, and I hadn't given him so much as a kiss in return.

The guy offered me £500 and I accepted. He took me to his house in Regent's Park and offered me a further £250 if I let him brush my pussy in front of his wife. Somehow or other this lecherous couple persuaded me to join them in bed where it ended up rather out of order the bride [illegible] I



me doggie-style, the [illegible] to shove me with a strap-on dild.

I stuffed £1,000 in my handbag and scurried home, totally ashamed of myself. It was daylight when I got home, and just as I dreaded, Douglas was waiting for me, dressed and ready for work.

"I know all about it," he said. "The guy's wife just phoned. She said it turned her on, telling me about the dirty things they made you do."

"They didn't *make* me do anything," I confessed, burning with shame. "I went willingly. I felt sorry for the guy. Thus they offered me all this money. You can have it if you want."

I opened my handbag out on the coffee table and Douglas stood and stared disbelievingly.

"All right," he said, sadly. "If that's the way you want to play it, that's fine by me. I'll be your pimp. OK?"

Douglas slapped my bottom really hard, making me flinch. I couldn't help but notice the enormous erection bulge in his trousers. Excitedly, he grabbed me and pulled my skirt up at the back, jamming his fingers into the cleft of my buttocks. Then dropping to his knees and hitching my skirt up around my waist, he buried his face in my wet panty crotch. I parted my ankles.

"Tell me what they did to you," he panted, unzipping his strides and starting to masturbate himself against my leg.

It was the weirdest climax I've ever had, standing there alternatively caressing my breasts and [illegible] my rhythm, muttering [illegible] obviously exaggerated dirty raunch, at the night's happenings while Douglas jerked me with a tongue.

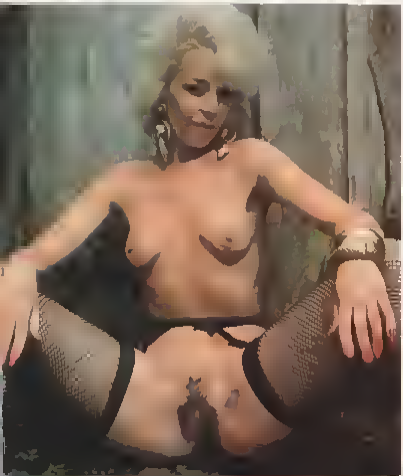
"You sent *exactly* what we ask to go on the game for, didn't you?" I asked, stepping out of my panties and getting undressed for a much needed shower.

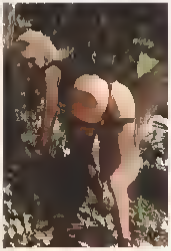
"Maybe not," he conceded. "But I'd sure as hell like to watch you with another guy. Is that OK?"

"It'd be nice for me, too," I confessed. "Would you like me to organise something?"

Doggie leaned out, needed zipping himself up and heading off to catch the morning train. I went to bed and played with my vibrator – schlamming like crazy.

I had an amazing orgasm, the vibr[illegible]





PRIVATE [illegible]

imagining walking in the park with Gordon my rich partner and Duggie and Gordon pulling my panties off and cumming in my face and Duggie squeezing my tits and [illegible] Yes a superb orgasm.

The fellow ng night at the club I called Gordon all types of [illegible] and bastard for giving his cranky wife my private phone number.

"Let me know if there s anything I can do for you " he said apologetically.

"Well as a matter of fact there *is* something you can do " I said mindful of Duggie s bizarre request. "How do you fancy a walk on the common on Monday afternoon? There shouldn't be too many people around."

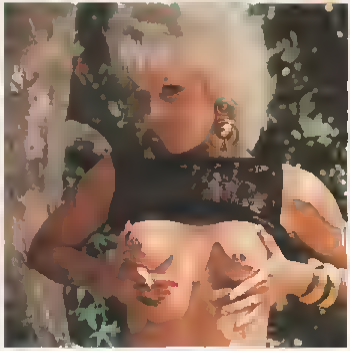
Gordon grunted and slipped his hand between my knees I pushed it away.

"You don t understand " I informed him. "It s my fiance. He wants to watch you fuck me. So do me a favour and make it a really filthy one will you?"

Just as Duggie and I hoped it was a gorgeous afternoon warm enough to wear my shortest skirt and skimpiest pant so with no fear of contracting cystitis from cold breezes.

Douglas and I waited in the lay-by on the A3 for the 2pm rendezvous and sure enough Gordon s great big Ford Bentley soon pulled in behind us. Duggie scowled as I blew him a kiss and scurried off to join my more no-object punter and we held hands as we followed a bridle path through a copse with Douglas following 20 or so yards in arrears.

Making sure there were no dog walkers hanging around we left the path and waded through [illegible]



[illegible] I [illegible] the [illegible] I [illegible] I [illegible] I

A GATE WITH DEPILATION

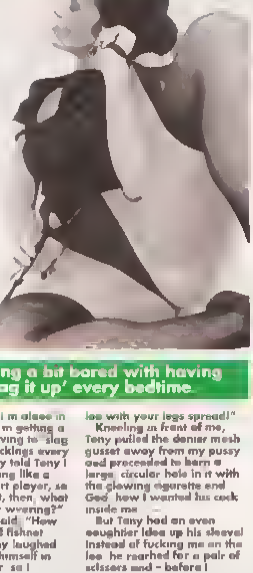
My boyfriend Tony lives in a penthouse flat up in Edgware. It's absolutely amazing for parties – and better still, for open-air banking in the summer months – and I get a real sexy buzz from posing around in my black silk stockings and high heels never really knowing for sure whether people in the neighbouring high-rise flats are getting a view of my saucy antics.

Despite the thing I've got going with Tony, I really hate these schmaltzy, true love-type relationships. I'm motivated by sex, not romance, and I knew for a fact the real reason Tony likes me around is because I'm bisexual and know lots and lots of 'bent' girls to invite to his parties. If there's a sex thing that gives him a big hard-on, it's watching me perform (his phrasen not mine) with my gay girlfriends.

In fact Tony's so curious about my lezzy side, I sometimes wonder whether he's completely straight himself. My mouth got me in trouble on that score, once.

"Come on," I said. "you must have let a blake at least wank you off at some time or another."

He hit the roof! He said if I ever made insinuations about him again, he'd give me a right seeing-to – on realising I'd made a gaffe, I made light of the situation by saying: "What a good idea!" And he dragged me into the bedroom and fucked me face down on the water bed. He knocked me so hard, I'm not sure what was wobbling most: the bed or my bum!



I'm getting a bit bored with having to 'slag it up' every bedtime.

I don't know if I'm alone in this respect, but I'm getting a bit bored with having to 'slag it up' in black stockings every bedtime. I actually told Tony I was tired of looking like a blue movie bit part player, so he said: "All right, then, what else do you fancy wearing?"

I laughed and said: "How about wellies and fishnet tights, then?" Tony laughed and rummaged himself in his evening paper, so I thought: *Right, you clever little sod, you've really asked for it this time!*

The next night I turned up at Tony's flash penthouse in a shabby old three-quarter length raincoat.

What the f—k are you wearing?" he asked, his usual charming self.

"Let me in and I'll show you," I said, brushing past into the hall heart pounding with excitement at the truest I had in store.

Turning to face him, I triumphantly shed my raincoat under which I was completely naked – but for a pair of shiny red wellies and black fishnet tights!

"I can think of something very naughty you could do with that cigarette," I said.

"Me and all," said Tony, taking my hand and leading me down the hall and into the bathroom. "There – now be a good girl and sit on the loo with your legs spread!"

Kneeling in front of me, Tony pulled the denier mesh gusset away from my pussy and proceeded to burn a large, circular hole in it with the glowing cigarette end. God, how I wanted his cock inside me.

But Tony had an even naughtier idea up his sleeve! Instead of fucking me on the loo, he reached for a pair of scissors and – before I realised what the heck he was up to – proceeded to cut off large chunks of my pubic hair!

"You're crazy!" I wailed seeing my lovely thick black curls disappearing down the pan. "I can't make love to you with a bristly fanny. It'll hurt too much!"

"You won't have a bristly fanny by the time I've done with you," said Tony, now really into the job at hand. "I'm going to shave you!"

I quivered with pleasure as he lovingly smeared my pussy with shaving foam, rasping away what was left of my pubic stubble with long, confident strokes of his Bic Disposable. By the time he rinsed the surplus foam and bristles away with a squeezed sponge, I was desperate to fuck and suck him. Just desperate!

We went to bed and watched hardcore sex videos,

Tony anointing my newly-depilated pussy with cold cream, to prevent a rash...

Who was he kidding? So far as Tony's concerned, any old excuse is OK, as long as I agree to having my cunt massaged with Nivea! Mind you, it *did* feel rather nice, especially while watching a tape of a big black guy getting stuck into an equally meaty blonde lady.

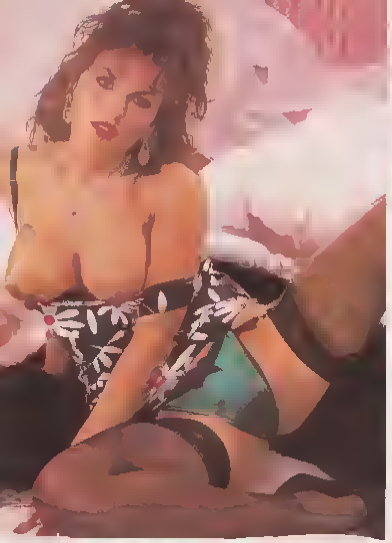
At our next sex party at Tony's penthouse, when I whipped my skirt up and proudly showed my girlfriends my shaven fanny they had hysterics!

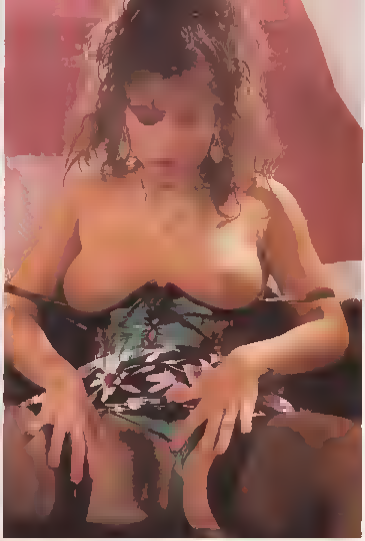
"I want you to do mine Tony!" said my friend Dana, from the office. Then two or three others decided they wanted doing, too.

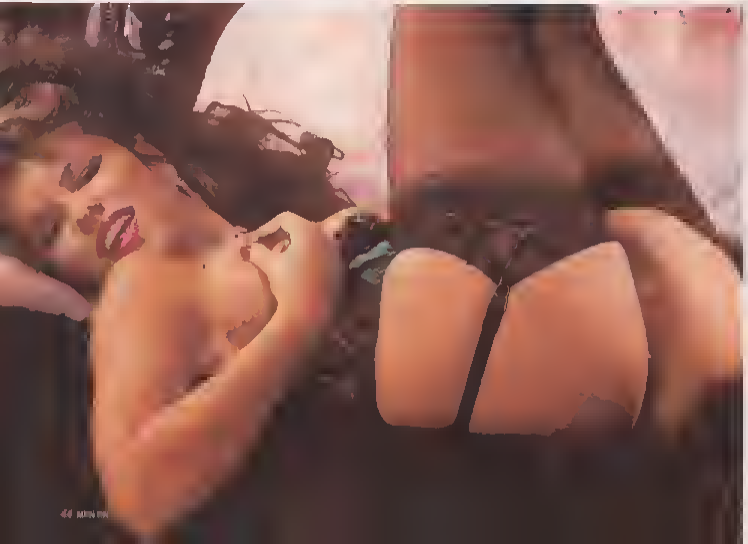
Anyway, in the unlikely event of depilation becoming fashionable, I hereby take full responsibility. But your lady readers had better take head before reaching for the razor: that early morning stubble is a real pain. Ask my boyfriend if you don't believe me!

Sarah, Colindale.

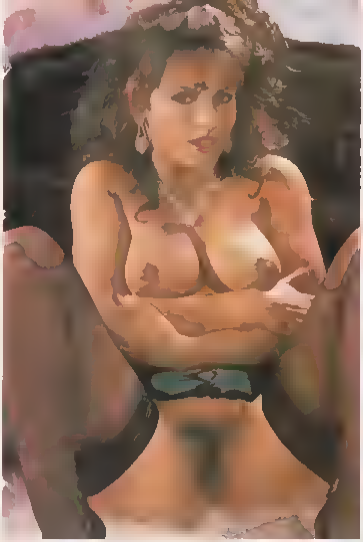
VERENA
PHOTOGRAPHS BY JOANTE ALLUM

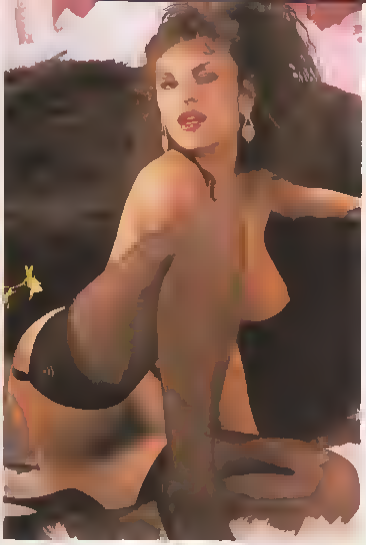


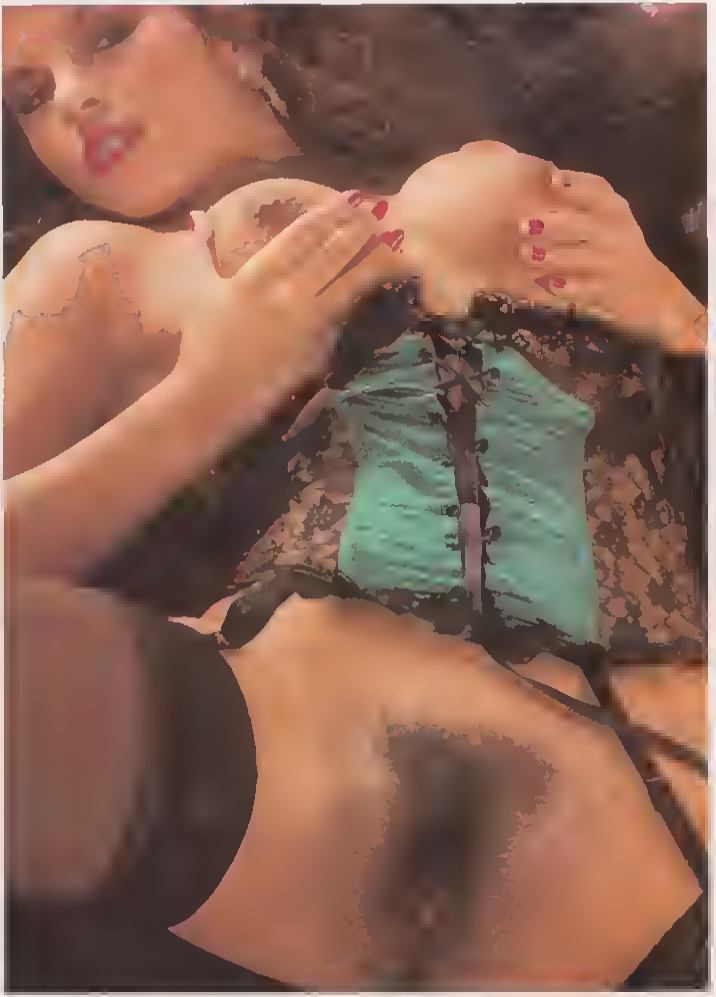


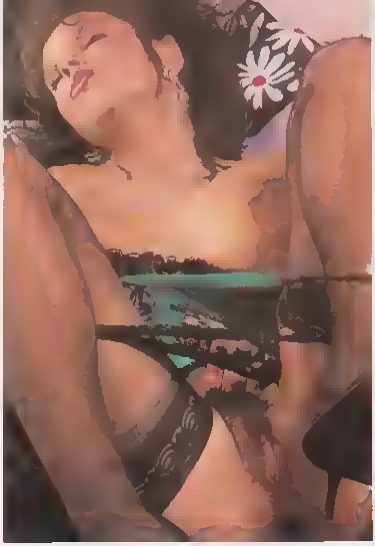


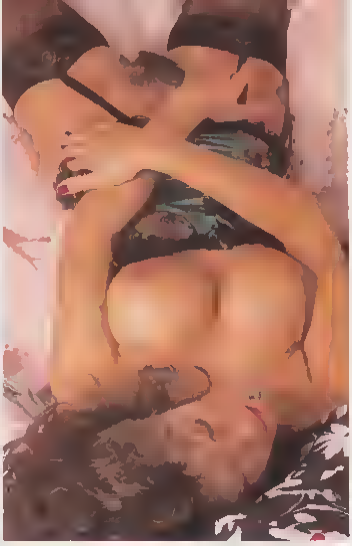
Isn't she special (36-23-36)? Isn't she wonderful? And so interested and appreciative of the more fascinating type of male. Like us, for example. Now there are some models who are banned from Raymond Towers because, to be brutal about it, they're only interested in our bodies (45-33-32). They sit there undressing us with their eyes. Always squeezing out biceps, stroking our bottoms and so on. There is the one who locks you in the office with her and ravishes you. It's terrifying! Not Verena. She's interested in us as human beings. It's good to see a woman who isn't interested in your body when your body isn't that interesting!

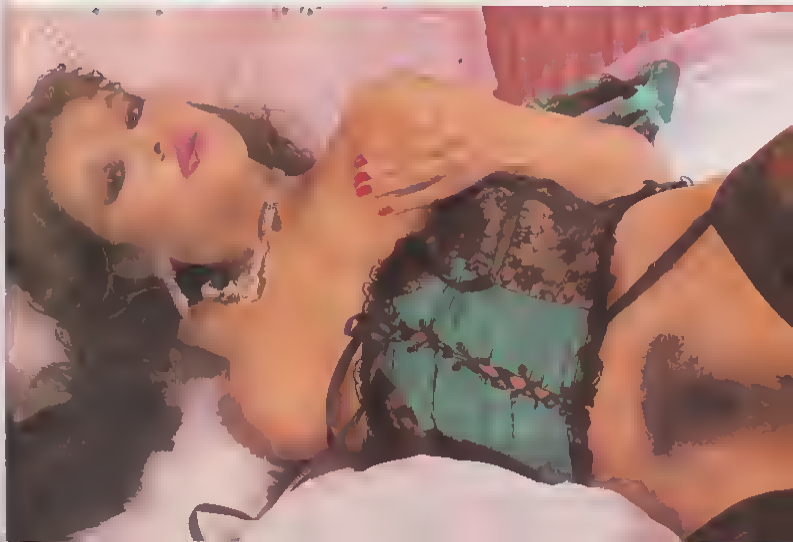












MEN ONLY